## carlet Rumer

Dramatized and Produced by the

## Vitagraph Company

From the Popular Novel of the same name by C. N. and A. M. Williamson

## Everything You Read Here Today You Can See This Week

At Leading Motion Picture Theatres in Vivid Motion Pictures

with

## MR. EARLE WILLIAMS as CHRISTOPHER RACE MISS MARGUERITE BLAKE as LADY IVY DE LISLE

Next Week Another Story and New Pictures

then turned to look again.

This was what Christopher Race had counted upon.

"Good old Scarlet Runner!" he said as he drove. "Good old girl, you're making your impression."

Slowly the red car moved up Regent Street as far as Oxford Circus, where it turned to roll back, like some great, splendid beast pacing the length of a vast cage.

It was past seven o'clock; but the sky was a blue and silver mosalc of stars, and electric globes pulsed with white lights that struck and glinted on the rich scarlet pansels of the automobile.

The army of workers pouring home from shop and factory, the army of pleasure.

The driver was not surprised in the circumstances to hear the name of an historic place, owned by a man whose ancestors had helped to make not only its history, but the skip was a blue and silver mosalc of stars, and electric globes pulsed with white lights that struck and glinted on the rich scarlet pansels of the automobile.

The army of workers pouring home from shop and factory, the army of pleasure.

Cisions, and never to have them gainsald.

"Do you know Desmond House?" he asked, when he was in his place, and Christopher was only a poor relation, a mere "forty-second cousin," and, moreover, was under the ban of family disapproval. Nevertheless, Lady Ivy gave him a lovely smile of surprised recognition.

She was always more than pretty, and a radiant beauty when she emiled — smiled with grey eyes and pink cheeks, and a pair of dimples that gove new life and meaning to received, I will send a message.

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She wa

He was dressed as an English gentleman should be when he is going to dinner on a winter evening in London; but, though he looked above all things a gentleman, he did not look like an English gentleman.

Under the sleek silk hat, and above the thick, white silk handkerchief that filled in the "V" of the black overcoat, was a face which an observant person could hardly have passed without a second giance.

Never before had the young man in the red car beheld that face in the flesh, save once, when as a little boy he had been taken to a grand nayeant to gaze in awe at those

once, when as a little boy he had been taken to a grand pageant to gaze in awe at those same clean-cut features (or others exactly like them), under a glittering silver helmet.

Ten minutes passed, may be, and the thoughts of Christopher Race had glided from the affairs of his late passenger to his in as many black-and-white drawings in own. He was wondering when he might illustrated journals; he had seen it caricatured in comic sketches, and flashed on to white sheets by blographs at music halls.

The moment of the door. "My down for its approach to the door. "My our may not. In any case, if wish you to wait."

Ten minutes passed, may be, and the thoughts of Christopher Race had glided from the affairs of his late passenger to his in as wondering when he might expect to get his dinner, when the one thing the theets by blographs at music halls.

white sheets by biographs at music halls.

For a moment Christopher Race forgot all figure which a few minutes ago had been about his car, his errand with the car, and his interest in the car that was disabled. But the first words spoken by the gentleman with the shining hat and neat overcoat reminded him forcibly of all three.

"No better success?" asked a clear voice, in perfect English, enriched by a slight for-

in perfect English, enriched by a slight foreign accent
"I am very sorry indeed, sir," apologized of doors when he ought still to have been the chauffeur, but I haven't been able yet to make out what's the matter. Something trom his seat and awaited orders.

"I'm late already," broke in the garding the solution of the substitution."

"I'm late already," broke in the garding trom his seat and awaited orders.

rong with the carburetor or the ignition. —quick!" said the crisp voice with the for-"I'm late already," broke in the gentle- eign accent. But it was less crisp than be-"I'm late already," broke in the gentleman, visibly bolstering up his patience.

It was this moment that the driver of the red car chose for making his habitual gesture, which he accompanied with the usual inviting smile and questioning lift of the decorously, for he was consumed with curically.

Instantly the keen gaze of the man with osity. Instantly the keen gaze of the man with the waxed moustache fixed his. "Why do you hold up your hand?" inquired the clear tones, with the un-English accent. At the same time the speaker tried to mask his face in shadow, backing away from the blaze of the shadow, backing away from the blaze of the two cars acetylene lamps.

"I hold up my hand because I'm plying for hire," answered Christopher Race.

The man with that car? Tou hack whence he came!

"Eh? Plying for hire with that car? You back whence he came! are joking. I suppose." Tone and eyes expressed astonishment, perhaps distrust. But the red automobile had come to a dead stop, he had reached Charles and the gentleman in the tall hat had stepped door which had given to the edge of the pavement to examine it it close quarters, also to examine, incident-illy, its driver.

"Not at all," said Christopher Race, "un-less life is a joke. I'm out to gain a liveli-hood. I have no license to live, but I have a license to drive, if you would care to see

"I should be delighted to think that you the midst to inquire at an hotel for Ivy de are right," returned Christopher Race.

"Very well," said the other; "I will engage you—for the evening. You can take me where I wish to go, and wait. If my chauffeur can bring my car round later, the same money. What are your charges?"

The entire evening, five guinezs," said the same money. What is settled." The gentleman stepped forward, and the owner of the red are and the chauffaur of the sake of another man who needs teepped forward, and the chauffaur of the sake of another man who needs are right," returned Christopher Race.

Lisie?

The message and hotel for Ivy de gret not having the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engages. The heaving the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engage. The heaving the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engage. The heaving the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engage. The heaving the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engage. The heaving the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engage. The heaving the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engage. The heaving the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engage. The heaving the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engage. The heaving the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engage. The heaving the time to speak with him this evening, as I have an important engage. The heaving the time to speak with him takins half drawn back, Christopher could take. The heaving the time to speak with him takins half drawn back, Christopher could take. The heaving the time to speak with him takins half drawn back, Christopher could take. The heaving the time to speak with him takins half drawn back, Christopher could take heaving the time to speak with him takes in the leave heaving the time to speak with him takes. The heavi

Either might have persuaded this Sovereign to plead his cause with the girl's father,
for both could claim his country as the land
of their birth. One was Barron von Hess,
the enormously rich inventor of the latest
quick-fring gun adopted by the Triple Alliance; the other was young Max Lindmarked for a country when banished from his
Ayear or two ago there had been a rapprochement between Max the elder and an
outraged monarch, and a place in the diplomatic service for young Max Lind, on the
country on Hess was a good match for any
girl below Royalty; Max Lind, on the contrary, would have difficuty in making his
cause good with Lady Ivy's father, unless,
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cause good with Lady Ivy's father, unless,
indeed, a monarch should turn making his
cause good with a prochable of the process of the process of the process o

His hand was on the door, when a call from his employer gave him pause. "Stop!" said the great man. "I left a letter here for let me see—was it for Lord Thanet or his daughter?—one of the two; I really forget to which I addressed it. That letter I Cepyright 1916 by the Ster Company

EPISODE ONE

Sprang to open the door for him. But he waved them back.

The CAB AND His MAJESTY

Twas such an unusually beautiful and striking car that everyone looked at it, the driver," he announced, then turned to look again.

This was what Christopher Race had ounted upon.

"Do you know Desmond House?" he again.

"Do you know Desmond House?" he again.

"Christopher went in somewhat hemitation."

Christopher went in somewhat hemitation.

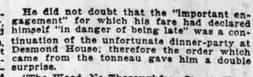
"Why, father, it's Christopher!" she said. "Naughty Cousin Kit! Have you come here to see us?"

els of the automobile.

The army of workers pouring home from shop and factory, the army of pleasureseekers pouring into restaurant and theatre, all looked at the car, straining their eyes to make out the crest—gold and dark blue painted on scarlet; and those among the crowds who were women looked also at Christopher Race.

He drove alone, but he was dressed like a gentleman, not in the gloried livery of a chauffeur. He was a thin, dark, eagle-faced young man, with an-air of breeding not contradicted by his evident self-consciousness. His mouth—clean-shaven—gave him strength of character, and his eyes a sense of humor and high daring.

The electric globes lit his face with the fleric intensity of theatre footlights, revealing in it not one mean line. But it was not only the good looks of the driver that at-



They grasped hands, and Christopher went quickly out by the way he had come. There, by the car, stood the neat figure in the dark overcoat, the keen eyes looking this way and that, under a penthouse frown. "I beg a thousand pardons for keeping you, sir," said Christopher, as he shot out between the half-open gates, "but something's gone wrong with the motor, and I went inside to look for you, just to say that I must get her to the nearest garage before I can take you on. I won't be long; not many minutes are needed for repairs."

He bent and fumbled, and with a few turns of a spanner loosened the joint of the exhaust-pipe near the sliencer. Then quickly he turned the starting handle, and Scarlet Runner broke into a series of sharp explo-sions, dry as the barking of giant firecrackers.

His Majesty stepped back with less dignity than haste, and uttered some exclamation in his native tongue, which was lost among the explosions.

"Til wait for you," he said. And not a word about the silencer,
Christopher Race could have shouted as he flashed away, the car yelping maledictions.

When he had turned two corners and was well out of earshot from No Thoroughfare Street he stooped and screwed up the loosened joint, then darted on again; but not to a garage.

It was well for him and well for Scarlet Runner that traffic had gone to sleep, and policeman had something more engrossing to think of than springing traps upon reckless motorists, for Chrisopher drove as if for the winning of a cup; and in eight minutes he was at the door of Desmond House. To the extreme surprise of the chauffeur

in green and brown, the gentleman chauf-feur sounded the big bronze knocker with the self-confidence of a prince. The door flew open, and a footman stood revealed, starting.

Christopher wrote something on a visit-"This must be given instantly to the gen-tleman whose name I have written across the top," he said, pointing at an underscored line.

"It's as much as my place is worth—more, sir," stammered the footman, his respect increasing as the visitor's peremptoriness increased. "I don't see how I could manage it."

"I do not care how you manage it, pro-vided you do manage it; but it will have to be managed," said Christopher. "Give me the card again."

The man gave it, wondering. Christopher took from his pocket a five-pound note (his last by the way, but that was a detail) and wrapped it round the card.

"I will wait here, said he, and I expect an answer in ten minutes at latest. He got it in six; but it was neither verhal nor in writing. The man to whom he had sent the urgent message appeared himself at the door.

"You are very good," Christopher ex-aimed. "But I knew you would come. "Of course I came. I am not made of stone," said the other, "And you wrote that it was a matter of life and death for a man I valued."

"Do you value young Max Lind, sir?" asked "I do indeed, and intend to show my ap-

reclation. He has just rendered me a great service, in accomplishing a mission tact-fully, adroitly, as few other young men could have accomplished it. And I have done my best not only to assure his career, but his happiness for the future as a reward. Why do you ask such a question?"

"Because at this moment Max Lind be-lieves that you have doomed him to death, as a ghastly failure who has compromised the Government for which he was working. He believes that you have put into his hand a re-volver and told him the only thing to do is blow out his brains." "Great heavens! But this is madness."

"It will be suicide in less than an hour, unless you will consent to come with me, 'Leave my friends who are entertaining e-to go-where?"

"To the Wood, Hammersmith, the house of the Linds, where a man who usurps your dignity and uses it for his own—or some other's—advantage is expecting me back every moment." "A man who-- Can you mean Gustav

"If Gustav Krokesius is the living image of you, sir, has cultivated a voice like yours, and wears clothes copied from yours."

"He does, and for the best of reasons— because he is what you English would call my understudy. A man who naturally re-sembles me remarkably, and is paid to cul-tivate every detail of that resemblance, taking my place during my visit here when-ever I wish it, before the public, that I may enjoy myself as I please and not be spled upon by reporters or—Anarchists. But he is off duty to-night."

"Officially, perhaps. Yet he has been at work. He went to the Charles Street hotel got back a letter left by you for Lord Thanet, who is my cousin, and drove out to the Weed."

"How de you know all this?"

"Because I took him for you, and acted as his chauffeur until I begun to suspect. Then I came here to get you to save my friend. Max Lind, from misery and disgrace—my cousin, Ivy de Lisle, from a broken heart." "That lovely girl! Ah, I guess the mystery. He is paid for this business by von Hess, who loves Lady Ivy and hates Lind But von Hess shall pay more. He shall pay me. As fer Krokesius—did you say we should find him still at the Wood?" "I said that I left him there-watching

"We will be too quick for him, said His Majesty, looking pleased.

And they were teo quick; for he is a man whose prophecies usually come true. He made several people happy that night Gustav Krokesius was not one of the nor Baron von Hess.

Christopher poured a glass of champagne ver Scarlet Runner's bonnet.



The false courier causes trouble.

But However, Christopher drove on, in a rethat he can guess the errand which has stop, flective mood and at a pace to suit it, until brought us up from the country to town at stop, he had reached Charles Street. There, at the this time; that I am completely at his sering door which had given him his fare and his vice should he wish to speak with me indented adventure, he stopped.

"Go in and inquire if Lord Thanet and in the hall awaiting this message."

"un-Lady Ivy de Lisie have come," the foreign in the hall awaiting this message."

Sympathetic now as well as puzzled, Christopher took the letter and carried it out to have the suppose of the letter and carried it out to have the suppose of the letter and carried it in the hall awaiting this message."

"Not at all," said Christopher Race, "unless life is a joke. I'm out to gain a livelihood. I have no license to live, but I have a license to drive, if you would care to see lit."

"Ha!" said the other, "you are a remarkable pair, plying for hire—you and your car, able pair, plying for hire—you and your car, able pair, plying for hire—you and your car, able pair, plying for hire—you and your car, business?"

"I'm my own employer—under Fate. I grive my car; Fate drives me."

"I'm my car; Fate drives me."

"I'm inclined to think"—and the keen eyes flashed to the tinkering chauffeur do you think about it?"

"I should be delighted to think that you are right," returned Christopher Race.

"Yerv well." said the other, "you are a remarkable pair, plying for hire—you and your car, to with his passenger, who all but snatched it in the seal instructions, but that was because he had the habits of a man of the world. Within, he was excited and curious, for the Earl of Thanet and his daughter were distant cousins of Christopher Race, and naturally had a conserve to know the why and wherefore of His Majesty's interest in their movements. If the name of Lord Thanet had at one time been connected with the diplomation service, and had spent years on the continent. But why did one of the first gentlemen of Europe leave a dinner-party in the midst to inquire at an hotel for Ivy degret not having the time to speak with him are right," returned Christopher Race.

"Yerv well." said the other, "You are a remarkable to the habits of a man of the world. Within the about it."

"I should be delighted to think"—and the would not have struck him so oddly, for Lord Thanet had at one time been connected with the diplomation of the sea and naturally had been remarkable to know the why and wherefore of His Majesty's interest in their movements. If the name of Lord Thanet had at one time been connected with the diplomation of the sea and naturally had been remarkable.

"Lord Thanet has not yet had time to the with the diplomation of the sea and

The Linds, father and son, were above suspicion of treachery; but Max senior was, or had been, notorious for his anti-Royalist ideas, and some firebrand friend might have taken base advantage of his absence.

"Good-night, sir. You will learn to-morpow that this time it wasn't in vain."

His Majesty took a step towards a door opposite the window, but Max reached it before him and opened it. taken base advantage of his absence. What if the man had gone into a trap and should never come out alive?

there had been more than time for him to return to the automobile. Some one, then, must have received him, but whether in loyalty or treachery Christopher could not hope to discover by blundering to the front door and ringing the bell.

"Lind!" he exclaimed, before the other could move to speak, "it's I—Christopher Race. Don't you remember me? There's no

sprinkling of light on the frosted lawn. It was thrown from a long French window which opened to the ground, and as the casements were ajar, the heavy green cure- tains half drawn back, Christopher could of see into the room beyond.

email revolver, and Max was taking it.

"It is the best thing you can do," His Majesty said, and through the open window the words reached ears for which they

"I prefer to find my way out alone," said the visitor. His host bowed submissively, to Ten minutes at least had passed since and stood at the door until the erect figure in His Majesty was devoured by shadows. If in the dark overcoat had passed out of sight.

The had knocked and found no one within. Then, softly, he closed the door, and as he came back to a desk which was placed be-tween door and window Christopher Race threw the casements wide open.

Treading on grass to avoid gravel, he time to apologize and explain, except to say but when he sees youskirted the path round the house to the that I drove him to the house, and—I've "We will be too quie right, and was somewhat relieved to see a heard some things. I thought you were away Majesty, looking please

"There is no plot," said Max Lind.